

Mark Your Calendars
for 2003!

May 31	Work Spring Clean-Up
June 1	BRC Summer Office Opens
June 22	BRC Staff Orientation
June 29	Opening 1st Session
July 3	Maine Border Explorer Trip
July 13	BRC Parent 1st Visitation Day
July 17	Maine Border Explorer Return
July 21	Maine Wilderness Adventure
July 23	BRC 1st Session Ends
July 24	BRC Opening 2nd Session
August 2	Alumni Day
August 3	Board Day
August 10	BRC Parent 2nd Visitation Day
August 13	Maine Wilderness Adventure Return
August 16	BRC for Boys Ends
August 17	BRC Family Camp
August 24	BRC Family Camp Ends

It's Easy to Help BRC

Send a tax-deductible donation to BRC.

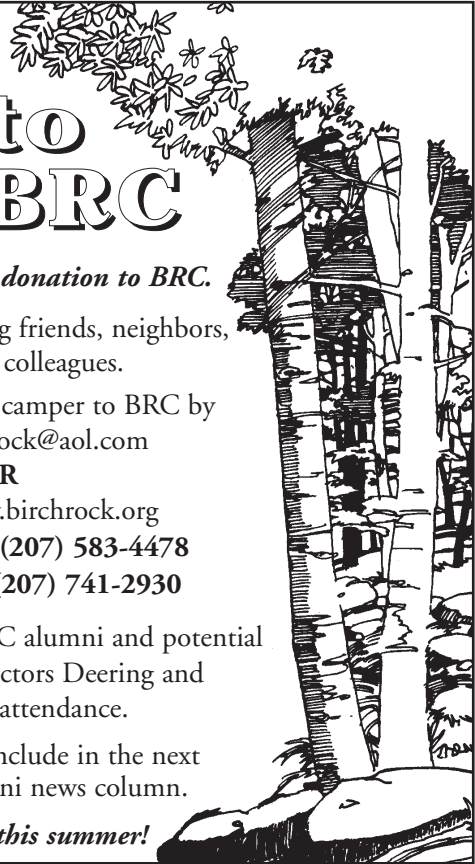
Promote BRC among friends, neighbors,
family, and colleagues.

Refer a prospective camper to BRC by
Email: birchrock@aol.com
OR
Website: www.birchrock.org
Summer phone: (207) 583-4478
Winter phone: (207) 741-2930

Host a gathering of BRC alumni and potential
campers with Directors Deering and
Mattson in attendance.

Send us news to include in the next
Birch Bark Alumni news column.

Visit on Lake McWain this summer!



BIRCH ROCK CAMP

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

P.O. Box 148
Waterford, ME 04088



BOARD OF
DIRECTORS

- Ryck Birch
Carol Brewster
Pat Brewster
Seth Brewster
Helene Kazanjian
Toby Brewster
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ACCREDITED
CAMP
American Camping Association

SPRING

2003

THE BIRCH BARK

P.O. Box 148, Waterford, Maine 04088
Winter: (207) 741-2930 Summer: (207) 583-4478
birchrock@aol.com www.birchrock.org
Rich Deering, Alumni Director • Michael Mattson, Camp Director

THE ALUMNI NEWSLETTER OF BIRCH ROCK CAMP

❖ Seward “Pat” Brewster ❖

1927-2003



Pat playing Lacrosse at Dartmouth College

Manchester, ME – Seward Blanchard "Pat" Brewster, 75, died on April 10, 2003, due to complications following an automobile accident.

An attorney and founder of Pine Tree Legal Assistance, Pat was born in Newton, MA in 1927. Between 1946 and 1947, he served in the U.S. Army where he was stationed in South Korea. Pat graduated from Kimball Union Academy in 1944, Dartmouth College in 1950, and Harvard Law School in 1955 – the same year he married Carol Whitham of Ridgefield, CT. He was a teacher and coach at Deerfield Academy before entering law school.

Pat began the practice of law in Worcester, MA with the law firm of Myrick, O’Connell, DeMallie and Lougee. In 1961, Pat moved to Maine with his family to join the legal department of Central Maine Power Company in Augusta, where he served as general counsel from 1969 to 1984. Pat then served as a staff attorney and hearing officer for the Public Utilities Commission until his retirement in 1994.

In 1966, Pat founded Pine Tree Legal Assistance, a nonprofit organization providing legal services for those in need. Over the years, Pat chaired the Kennebec Valley YMCA Board of Directors, served on the Maine Peace Action Board in Portland, and volunteered at the Pine Tree State Arboretum. He was one of the founders of the University of Maine at Augusta Senior College in 2002 and a member of its Board of Directors.

Pat had a lifelong association with Birch Rock Camp, a boys’ camp in East Waterford, where he was a camper, counselor, Maine Guide and longtime board member. One fellow board member described Pat as the "embodiment of the camp motto: *Help the Other Fellow*. He will be remembered for his patience, strength, quiet courage and gentle kindness."

He is survived by his wife, Carol of Manchester; his two sons, Seth of Cape Elizabeth, ME and Toby of Manchester, NH; and seven grandchildren. He was predeceased by his son, Ben.

A Memorial Service for Pat was held on April 19, 2003 at the Waterford Congregational Church in Waterford, Maine

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be sent to Pine Tree Legal Assistance, Birch Rock Camp Scholarship Fund or Pine Tree State Arboretum.

A special celebration of Pat’s life will be held at Birch Rock Camp on Saturday, August 2, 2003 at 4PM.

The Birch Rock Community dedicates this spring edition of the Birch Bark to our beloved brother, father, grandfather and Birch Rock’s finest gentleman to Seward "Pat" Brewster. His integrity, compassion for others, and gift of always knowing and doing "the right thing" will be forever remembered.



Pat and Carol enjoying their favorite pastime Skiing

RECOLLECTIONS OF GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Pat Brewster '33-03

Over the years Birch Rock has been greatly helped by our neighbors the Sanderson family, who own the farmhouse just below the upper field. Not only was the land below the upper stonewall, behind the infirmary, purchased from Burton W. Sanderson, but the hilltop property has been leased from the Sandersons, and in the early days of camp Burton allowed Birch Rock to use the 150 acres that he owned on the east side of the McWain Hill Road.

In 1915, Leroy Sanderson, Burton's father, gave his daughter Helen the land to the south of Birch Rock, on which she built a summer home which was soon enlarged to become the main lodge of Camp McWain, which operated as a girls' camp for eight years.

In the summer of 1924, through the assistance of a mutual friend, Clarence Morton, Helen invited Chief and Onie Brewster to visit Camp McWain, and they were inspired by the general locality, which led them to find Birch Rock the following year in 1926. In March 1926 Chief and his then partner Bartlett Boyden, bought their first eight acres of what became Birch Rock from Burton Sanderson; one of the corners of that property was "a large rock on which is situated a white birch tree," which gave the Camp its name. In 1931 Chief bought another four acres from Burton Sanderson, to complete the ownership of the lower camp property.

Burton did much more than sell and lease land to Birch Rock. In the spring of 1926, with Chief and Bart Boyden teaching in Massachusetts, Burton oversaw the construction of the lodge. What is the old office was once the Ice House, and before electricity arrived at Birch Rock (1946), Burton used to cut blocks of ice on the lake, transport them to the Ice House with his sled and team of horses so that camp could fill its "ice box" in the summer to preserve its food.

I remember Burton well; before and after camp during the late 1930's and early 1940's I would hike up to his farm to get our family's daily milk supply. He (Burton) was esteemed as a good dairy farmer; and served on the Advisory Board of the Oxford County Dairy Association whose objective was to improve land for better agriculture and daily herds.

Burton was also a teacher and a member of the Waterford School Committee. During the great North Waterford fire of 1910, in which many buildings were destroyed, including the schoolhouse, Burton led his grammar school students to safety in a local parsonage. He was a true gentleman, in every sense of the word, and a scholar – "gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

Burton's grandsons, David and Arthur, now own Sanderson Farm. David is on the Birch

Rock Board of Directors and Arthur is a professor at RPI in Troy, New York. Their wives, Cathy and Susan are both college educators. As was Burton, David and Arthur are both descendants of David McWain, who was the first settler of Waterford in 1775 and once owned all our hillside, including what is now the Sanderson Farm, Birch Rock Camp and Camp McWain. In 1816, which was a cold year in Maine in which few foodstuffs could be grown by recently arrived settlers, David McWain share his supplies with his unfortunate neighbors, free of charge. As the History of Waterford states: "For McWain the law of good neighborliness was strong....." It is very appropriate that Birch Rock Camp, with the motto: Help the Other Fellow, is on land once owned by David McWain and then Burton Sanderson. And as great great great great nephews of David McWain and as grandsons of Burton Sanderson, we know that David and Arthur Sanderson and their families will carry on the McWain-Sanderson tradition.

Pat Brewster submitted this article for the Birch Bark just days prior to his passing.

ALUMNI DAY

A Celebration of
Pat Brewster's Life
Saturday, August 2, 2003

The Birch Rock Community cordially invites you and your family to join us for a very special Alumni Day dedicated to celebrate the life of Seward "Pat" Brewster on Saturday, August 2, 2003. Enjoy a tour of the campus, a fresh dip in Lake McWain, taste some of Chef Randy's good cooking, and share some wonderful anecdotes and reflections about your summers at BRC with our community.

1–4 PM *Tours/Swim/Activities*

4–5 PM *Fireside Gathering*

5–6 PM *Fellowship Time*

6–7 PM *Supper*

For more information, please contact birchrock@aol.com or (207) 741-2930.

Join Us

Aug 17 – 21 and/or Aug 17- 24

Waterford – Family Camp Directors Toby & Becca Brewster along with the talented BRC staff cordially invite you to join us for our 3rd Season of BIRCH ROCK FAMILY CAMP. Experience a combination of recreation and fun with your family and friends, and enjoy the beautiful Maine woods on Lake McWain! Family Camp is designed to retreat and relax from the “work and school” world and rediscover one’s enthusiasm for lifelong learning. There’s plenty of “down home” cooking, children & adult activities and family opportunity to hike, bike, swim, canoe or just take time out to enjoy!

All ages are welcome...and we hope that you can be part of our season this summer. For more information: www.birchrock.org or (207) 741-2930.

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"In life, there are only a few people that seem to have known you forever, take an interest in your work and family, and genuinely care about you—I consider your Dad as one of those people. I would see him no more than once or twice a year, and yet it was like we had just unpacked the trunk in Cabin 1. He was a man of great integrity. . .the quintessential "do the right thing" kind of guy. And like all of us, he experienced life's ups and downs (probably more than his share) and yet it was so obvious that he took such joy being around [his family]. An impression that will forever stick in my mind was seeing him look so proud and happy a few Christmases ago, when [his grandson Ben] was in the church pageant and walked down the aisle toward the manger. I remember looking over at your Dad and seeing the joy that brought him. In that one moment, the joy of Christmas descended upon me—I'll never forget it. You were lucky to have such a fine man as a Dad. . . I feel incredibly fortunate to have known him."

As Bobby noted, my father did endure his share of suffering. . .and I will say that the least significant of that suffering was having sons who needed to be driven to swim practice at 5:15 on cold winter mornings. I am not sure what fate is worse: that of Sisyphus. . .pushing the boulder to the top of the mountain only to have it roll to the bottom or crawling out of bed every winter morning to drive to the pool. Yet, as always, he did it cheerfully, with grace and love. He rose early to warm up the car. On the way home, he would stop to get us hot chocolate and donuts. . .always making sure that we were provided for. He never complained. . .or urged that I take up a more civilized sport. I think that he knew that whatever alchemy was happening in the pool on those cold Maine mornings was good for me. . .and that he was willing to sacrifice a bit of his life so that I may build mine.

Thousands. . .Tens of thousands of sacrifices that he made for us, each one with kindness and love. We are taught that there is no greater love than a man who will lay down his life for his friends, and that is the love that my father showed to me.

The depths of his patience as both a man and a father were bottomless. Compared to Dad, Job himself was an hot-head with a very quick temper. . .a veritable Billy Martin. Having endured the Boston Red Sox through the World Series of '46, '67, '75 and '86. . .and especially the '78 playoff game against the Yankees, Dad perhaps was required to embrace the virtues of patience and acceptance. I never recall him yelling at me. . .even though there were many times that he would have been more than justified in doing so. He calmly and patiently guided me to the right path.

Less than one month ago, I explained to him. . .with some degree passion. . .my disagreement on the way a particular matter was being handled. As always, he listened carefully and gracefully. . .never getting angry. . .absorbing and dissipating the heat from my comments.

Over the last four years, my father's quiet courage and strength were on full display. With surgery both on his back and his leg, this powerful athlete's mobility was reduced and he walked with a cane. Again, he was never angry and never complained that it seemed so unfair. He continued to be cheerful. . .always wanting to discuss what was going on in your life and deflecting any discussion about him.

As I dramatically told him various war stories about my trials, he listened intently, his eyes sparkled, and he laughed with gusto. These stories really did not deserve such an appreciative audience, but I am sure that Dad wanted me to feel that I was a worthy storyteller.

When I first paddled the Allagash River twenty years ago, my father, two brothers, and I spent a week in two canoes paddling north to the Canadian border. Dad was often in the stern of my canoe. For those who don't know, the sternman is the paddler who determines the direction of the boat. Even though I could not see him because he was seated behind me, I remember feeling how much the canoe surged forward every time his paddle slipped into the water and how the canoe moved up the lake even in the face of a vicious headwind.

In the rapids, I marveled at how the canoe gracefully avoided the rocks as my father guided us down the river. Dad had the uncanny ability to read the water and set the best course. . .not just for the rocks immediately in front of us, but those obstacles that were farther down the river. His instructions to me were calm, simple and clear: "Draw right; back paddle; draw left—hard."

After one stretch of whitewater, I remember feeling quite thankful that my father was in my canoe.

There are days now when I feel that my canoe is adrift and that it will end up broken on the rocks. Then I realize that I was given the greatest gift of all: he taught me how to paddle and read the river. And I pray. . .I pray to God that I have learned his lessons well.

Remembrance of
Seward “Pat” Blanchard Brewster
For His Memorial Service
April 19, 2003
By Seth W. Brewster '67-



Pat and Company on top of
Mt. Tirem in Waterford.

Last Thursday, the day my father died, Audrey Delafield, the hospital chaplain came to visit him. He was confined to his bed with oxygen and IVs on both arms. He labored to breath. With his visitor leaning over him, he saw that something was not quite right. Something was amiss. But he knew how to set it straight.

"Can I get you a cup of tea?" he asked her. I leaned on the edge of my seat, anxious to find out what my father would have done if she said "Yes." Although she spared him the test, I am sure that as he did throughout his life, he would have managed to find a way to ensure that his guest felt welcomed and appreciated.

I bore witness to it during that last week. Despite his pain and struggle to fight against the infection, he was unfailingly graceful. "You look very nice today," he greeted my mother. Again and again, he expressed gratitude to his nurses and doctors. "Thank you for taking such good care of me," he told them. Many times, after having observed him only briefly in his 75-year life, they turned to me and said, "What a wonderful man. . . so kind and gracious." How quickly that they came to the conclusion that I have been embraced by my whole life.

My father was the second son of two educators, Leona and William Brewster, but everyone knew them simply as "Onie and Chief." Chief was the headmaster of Kimball Union Academy, a prep school in New Hampshire, and he started Cardigan Mountain School. In 1926, one year before my father was born, Onie and Chief also started a summer boys camp called Birch Rock Camp, which is only four miles from here. The camp's motto is "*Help the Other Fellow*."

Over the years, Onie and Chief educated and guided thousands of boys, and two of those boys were my father and his older brother Bill. I am sure that there was no favoritism shown except my father and Bill were expected to perform better, be smarter, kinder, and more modest, complete more chores, be more responsible, and complain less than the other boys.

Although it was an impossible standard, that is the way my father lived his life. At every stage, he performed at the highest levels - whether it was his studies at Kimball Union Academy, Dartmouth College or Harvard Law School, his athletics, his work, his efforts to make the world at better place . . or most importantly, his role as a father.

He never sought the spotlight and I never found out about his accomplishments from him. As a boy, I discovered some of his honors as a cross-country skier in college. They were hidden away in a drawer. I never knew that he competed at that level, and I was proud not only of his accomplishments, but of his modesty.

Some of his feats, however, were too large to be hidden or stuffed in the back of a drawer. In 1966, he founded Pine Tree Legal Assistance, which provides legal services to Maine citizens who cannot afford to pay. Pine Tree continues to do that work today. A few years ago, my father characteristically described his efforts like this:

"I remember myself as a rank amateur in 1966 as we attempted to organize a system of legal services for Maine. Matters radically improved as we added other concerned lawyers across the state to the group . . .What has remained constant over the years is the general support of the Maine bar and other interested persons for Pine Tree's efforts."

Over the past week, I have received many wonderful letters about my father, and these letters reflect the impact that he had on others. I would like to share parts of two letters with you. The first is from Vincent McKusick, who is the former chief justice of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court, who put Dad's Pine Tree work in context. He wrote:



Pat and Carol with some of
their Grandchildren.

"From the time he came to Central Maine Power Company until I went on the bench in 1977 I had a close professional relationship with your father. . . He was a top-notch lawyer and a wonderful human being. Also, by his community work outside his general counseling he early set an admirable example for all of us lawyers of how we must and can discharge our civic responsibilities beyond our day-to-day practice. By now what Pat did in the 1960's is fairly well accepted as an obligation of the practicing bar! But at that time it was not – and least of all was it expected of house counsel for a public utility! Maine's legal profession is much better today for having had a Pat Brewster to set the right example at a critical time."

The second letter is from Bob Cleaves, who is a close friend who I first met in Cabin 1 at Birch Rock Camp in 1967. Bob wrote:

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Reflections of My Dad
For His Memorial Service

April 19, 2003
By William "Toby" Brewster '67 -



Pat, his wife Carol with sons Seth and Toby.

encouraging words meant. I'm not sure he knew how much strength I got from his faith in me.

-Seward "Pat" Brewster '50

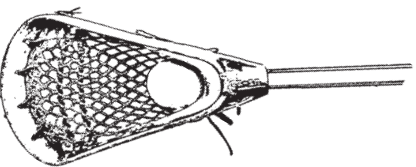
Just as he drew strength from Tom Dent's faith in his ability, my father drew incredible strength from all of you – his friends, his colleagues, and his extended family. As he communicated that faith to us – faith translated as patience, strength, courage and kindness.

Becca and I both recall moments when Pat and Carol were visiting, and amidst the chaos of our household, my Dad would always make a point to say, "You two do such a good job raising those boys." While there are many moments when I doubt my ability as a parent, like my Dad before the games against UNH, these words had the effect of adrenaline, and give me the courage to continue. When it comes to parenting, my father set a high standard, and for that, I am grateful. In his own words, "I'm not sure he knew how much strength I got from his faith in me."

I like the image of my father, preparing for a lacrosse game on April 10th – not any lacrosse game. Pat was preparing for the big game. Given his numbers, I suspect there is a good chance that Dad is sneaking up on offense more often than usual. But if he is, I know that Tom Dent is somewhere up there to keep him in check, chastising him with that wonderful Scottish burr, "Pat, Pat, pass off and get back on defense."

To a wonderful father, a wonderful grandfather, and a "lumbering, slow-footed ungainly" (but brilliant) defenseman.

Thank you for your faith in all of us. We love you.



April 10th was a spring day when we were, in Robert Frost's words, one month on in the middle of May. The sun was out and the wind was still, and my Dad's thoughts had changed from skiing to lacrosse.

The last couple days in the hospital, Dad was not always aware of where he was. At one point, he was climbing Kathadin with my mother, at one point he was in the Memorial Church in Cambridge, and at another moment, he was playing lacrosse at Dartmouth. Before Becca and I arrived at the hospital that day, Seth and Jim Adams recalled the following exchange when my father sat up and started to get out of bed.

Seth asked, "Dad, where are you going?"

My father replied, "I'm getting on my cleats. I'm getting on my number. I have a game."

Jim pushed him further, "How many goals have you scored this season, Pat?"

My father replied, "20 to 25, I think."

When Seth told me this story, I said, "Well he must have been delusional. He never scored that many goals. He played defense." Always a humble man, this may be the one time my Dad embellished his numbers.

After I got home, I retrieved the following piece that my father wrote for the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine in September 1996 about his Dartmouth lacrosse coach, Tom Dent. I want to share his words with you now because I think his appreciation for someone else reveals a lot about him. This is what Pat wrote about Tom Dent back in 1996....

Tom Dent had been a very good soccer player on the national team in Scotland before he came over to this country. At the College he coached both soccer and lacrosse. I was lucky to play lacrosse under him for four springs.

Tom was a real gentleman. I can still picture him on the sidelines dressed in a sport coat with a shirt and tie, and wearing what was probably a Scottish tweed hat. I don't think

he'd wear Irish tweed. I can still hear that wonderful Scottish burr as he called out, when somebody made a bad mistake, "Ah-hhh!! That's a dumb thing to do." He had a talent for attacking the action and not the person. And he did not throw out words idly.

After a tour of duty in Korea, I reported lacrosse in the spring of 1948, not having handled a lacrosse stick in two years. I was a tall, ungainly defenseman, and in those early practices I felt like the rusted Tin Man. Tom was blessed that year with a large and talented squad, captained by an All-American attackman, Bob Merriam '48. I justifiably spent most of my time on the bench. About halfway through the season, however, Al Bagni '47 suffered a leg injury that would keep him out for the rest of the spring, and Tom assigned me to take his place.

As we dressed for the NH game, I was filled with doubts about my being able to do my part. Tom was observant enough to sense that. As he made the rounds of the locker room, he camp up to me, put his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Pat, my lad, I've got faith in you." Those words had the effect of adrenaline.

On the opening face-off we skirmished around the midfield circle, and the ball suddenly appeared right in front of me. I scooped it up and headed toward the UNH goal. Our inside attackmen vacated the corridor leading to the goal, taking with them the UNH defensemen, who correctly assumed that those players were more of an offensive threat than the slow-footed defenseman lumbering goalward. That gave me the chance to take a shot at the goal, which amazingly went in, giving us a quick 1-0 lead.

I started and played for Tom for the rest of the season and the next two, but I never scored another goal. Whenever I chanced to carry the ball beyond midfield, I would hear the Scottish burr from the sidelines, "Pat, pass off and get back on defense!" "Tom's faith in me was a defenseman, not a goal scorer.

We sometimes don't fully appreciate what people are doing for us until years later, when we can look back with a little perspective. I regret that I never told Tom how much his